

SCOTLAND'S STORY

6

**Constantine:
Forgotten hero
who saw off
the Vikings**

**Barefoot Scots
along the
pilgrims' way**

**The cross all
Scots are proud
to bear**

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The relics of Saint Andrew are brought to Pictland.



904

Constantine II defeats the Vikings at the battle of Strathcarron. Pictland is renamed Alba.



934

Constantine is besieged at Dunnottar by Athelstan, King of Wessex.



948

Erik Bloodaxe, the Viking King of Northumbria, starts his reign.



943

Constantine retires and becomes Abbot of St Andrews Monastery.



1000

Scottish Christians expect the second coming of Christ.



964

Colin, King of Alba, is burnt to death by the Britons of Strathclyde.



1160

The great cathedral of St Andrews starts construction. It will not be finished until 1318 when it was dedicated by Robert Bruce.



1070-1093

Bishop Fothad, the last native Gaelic-speaking bishop of St Andrews, builds the first cathedral dedicated to Saint Andrew.



In Part 7:
The saga of MacBeth

PART OF
IRELAND

North
Channel

PART OF
ENGLAND



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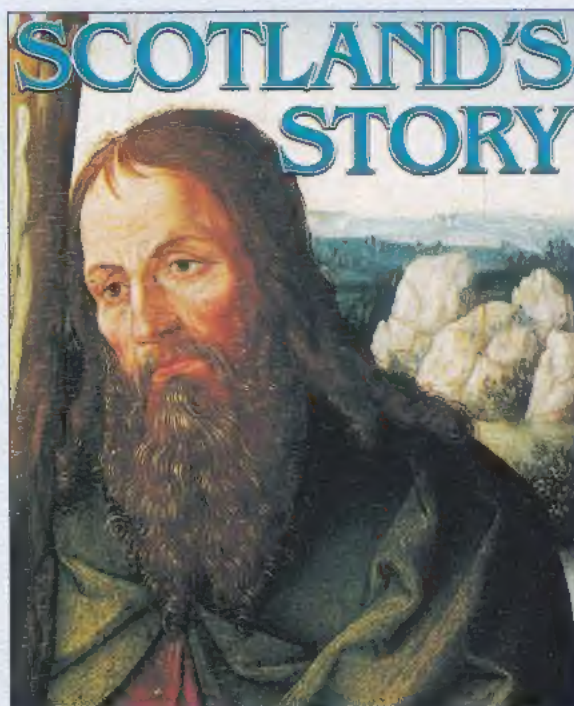
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COVER: St Andrew portrayed on a German altarpiece. From a painting in the National Portrait Gallery

Monarch who did the unthinkable

Toward the end of the first millennium, life expectancy was short and that of kings even shorter. How remarkable then that Constantine II ruled for 43 years before doing the unthinkable for a monarch – then and now – by retiring.

This consummate survivor not only had beaten the Vikings in battle, he then employed the cunning strategy of making them his allies by marriage.

No wonder that he felt qualified in retirement to tell his successor, Malcolm I, what he should be doing. It is a scenario we have been familiar with toward the end of the second millennium.

As Constantine is our forgotten hero king, so St Andrew is the saint we tend to ignore or, at best, undervalue. Yet he has put us in the champions' league of national saints, men straight out of the Bible, who actually knew Jesus.

We are up there with Rome, which has Andrew's brother Peter; and Spain, with James.

For centuries he brought us renown throughout Christendom, and, through the pilgrimages to St Andrews, he could be seen as the founder of our tourist trade.

Scotland had a wealth of local saints, Columba, Ninian, Cuthbert among them, but Andrew gave our kings a symbol round which people could be united. And he gave us the Saltire, which Scots at home and abroad are proud to wave, wear and paint on their faces.

On top of this, when we lost some of his relics, the Pope gave us others, which are in safe keeping in St Mary's Catholic Cathedral in Edinburgh.

It would be churlish to ask what St George has done for our friends south of the Border.

It was in the 7th century, when events were remembered in terms of years since the big storm, that a member of the Vatican think-tank came up with the idea of dating time from the birth of Christ.

Being 'In the Year of Our Lord' reminded the faithful that time belonged to God. Everything was part of God's plan, so it was reasonable to expect something special in 1000 AD.

In Scotland, as across Europe, there must have been a great sense of anti-climax tinged with relief when the year 1000 passed quietly into 1001.

Forgotten hero who fought off the Vikings

Constantine II was the warrior who carved out the kingdom that would become Scotland

He is Scotland's Alfred the Great, our forgotten hero king who repelled the Viking invaders, founded the kingdom of Alba, and fought off England's first attempt at conquest.

He is Constantine II, known in Gaelic as Constantin mac Aed, one of Scotland's greatest Medieval kings.

He reigned from 900 to 943 and his achievements may even outstrip those of Robert the Bruce. Yet he is little known today, probably because he has never attracted the attention of a great storyteller like Walter Scott or Robert Louis Stevenson.

But Constantine can be seen, in many ways, as the founder of the Scottish nation.

King Constantine II was the grandson of Kenneth MacAlpin, the first Gaelic king to rule over the Picts.

Kenneth died in Forteviot in 858 and his brother Domnall took over the kingship. It was Domnall who introduced Gaelic Law to the Pictish kingdom. Domnall died in 862 and was succeeded by his nephew, Kenneth's son, Constantine.

This Constantine, known as Constantine I, spent most of his reign fighting the Vikings. In his wars he allied himself with Aed Findliath, the king of Ireland, and gave him his sister Mel Muire in marriage.

Constantine I was forced to pay tribute to the Viking leader Olaf the White who had been terrorising Scotland and Ireland since 853. In 874, at a meeting arranged to hand over the tribute, Constantine I ambushed Olaf and slew him.

The king of the Picts was not to enjoy his victory though. The next year the Vikings returned under Halfdan king of York and devastated the Pictish army at Dollar, Clackmannanshire. Within

■ **Right:** Constantine and his warriors celebrate their triumph over the Vikings at the battle of Strathcarron in 904. It's probable that heads were collected from the vanquished Vikings as symbols of victory. Praise would have been paid to St Columba's relics for the triumph, and Gaelic bards would have immortalised it in song.





► months Constantine I was dead. The second of Kenneth's sons, Aed, then took the kingship of the Picts.

Aed's reign began luckily. The Vikings were fighting amongst themselves and Halfdan was killed by Thorstein the Red at Strangford Lough in Ulster. However, Aed's luck was not to hold.

In 878 he was struck down in Strathallan by his own followers and died of his wounds in the monastery at Rossie, in Perthshire. Within 20 years of Kenneth MacAlpin's death both his sons, Constantine I and Aed, were also dead.

Both men had left sons but these were infants and in those days a child ruler was unacceptable. Instead Aed's murderer, Giric son of Dungal seized power, claiming at first to be ruling on behalf of a son of one of Kenneth's daughters, Eochaid, but later making himself king.

The MacAlpin dynasty in Pictland seemed to be tottering and the Church at Dunkeld, to which Kenneth had moved the relics of Saint Columba, clearly felt nervous.

Within months of Aed's death Columba's relics were sent to Ireland for safekeeping. It's likely that Aed's young son Constantine, and Domnall, the infant son of his brother Constantine I, were also sent to Ireland for protection.

We take up the story again eleven years later in 889. Despite early successes, Giric's power had begun to crumble and the grandsons of Kenneth returned to reclaim their kingdom. They hunted Giric down at the fortress of Dundurn, in Strathearn, and made short work of him. Domnall, the older of the two young men, was recognised as king and reigned for 11 years.

Civil war, however, attracted the attention of the Vikings and Thorstein the Red, whose father Olaf had been killed by Constantine I, invaded.

The war between Domnall and the Vikings went this way and that and Domnall won one important victory on the island of Seil in Argyll.

In 893 the balance shifted when Thorstein was joined by his wife's cousin Earl Sigurd the Powerful, and after seven years of warfare they caught up with Domnall on the path below the fortress of Dunnottar and slew him. Yet again the kingdom of the Picts lay at the mercy of Vikings.

Thorstein did not live to enjoy the fruits of victory. He was killed in an uprising in Caithness, and his mother and family fled overseas, eventually settling in Iceland.

In this breathing space Constantine II was able to secure the kingship for himself. Not much more than a baby when his father, king Aed, had been killed, Constantine had spent most of his life in exile or on the battlefield. In his mid-twenties he was young for a Gaelic king, but he was the only adult left in his family.

No sooner had Constantine II taken control of his kingdom than a new Viking threat emerged. In 902 Flann, king of Ireland, had succeeded in driving the Vikings out of Dublin. Under the leadership of Ivar the Younger, the displaced Norsemen made their way to Scotland and attacked Dunkeld, occupying the whole of the Tay basin.

Calling on Saint Columba to avenge the sacking of Dunkeld, Constantine II returned from the North of the country and engaged the Vikings in battle at Strathcarron in 904. Ivar was surrounded



■ When the English first invaded, Constantine retreated to Dunnottar to devise a battle plan.

and killed, his troops massacred around him. Constantine II, having proven himself in battle, was now able to begin a programme of national reconstruction.

In 906, together with Bishop Cellach, he called a great gathering at Scone and promised to protect the Church and the Faith after the 'manner of the Irish'. The proclamation was made from the moot-hill at Scone where all subsequent kings of Scots were to be enthroned.

It was probably from about this time that the name of the kingdom was changed from the 'Kingdom of the Picts' to 'Alba'. The civil wars and the Viking invasions had left the kingdom in need of a complete overhaul, and Constantine's long exile in Ireland seems to have reinforced his

lands by the Viking Ragnall. Constantine led an army south to Corbridge on the Tyne and confronted Ragnall and his army there. The battle was claimed as a victory by both sides.

Constantine's forces beat the main Viking army but were taken in the rear by Ragnall's reserves whom he had concealed in a wood.

At the end of the day the Vikings held the field of battle but Constantine was able to return north leaving Ealdred in control of the lands between the Tyne and the Lothian Esk.

Ealdred's decision to put himself under Constantine's protection marked the beginnings of Scottish – and we can now truly say Scottish rather than Pictish – control in Lothian and the Borders.

Two years after the Battle of Corbridge,

Constantine II, having proven himself in battle, was now able to begin a programme of national reconstruction

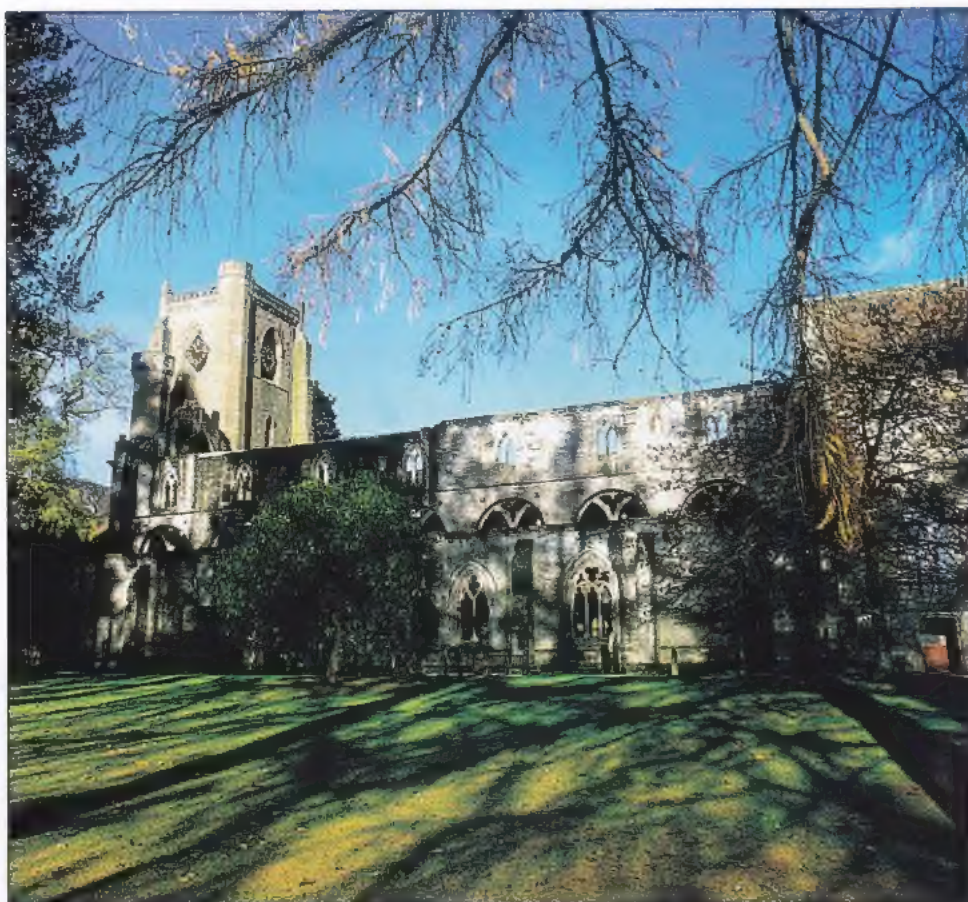
awareness of his Gaelic heritage. From this time on we rarely hear the name of the Picts again and the name Alba, originally simply Gaelic for 'Britain', symbolises the new way of thinking that marked out Constantine and his successors from those who had gone before.

For the next 12 years Constantine was able to secure and rebuild his kingdom in relative peace. In 918, however, he answered a call for help from Ealdred of Bamburgh, the Anglian ruler of Northumbria. Ealdred had been driven from his

together with Ealdred of Bamburgh, Ragnall of York and Owein king of Strathclyde, Constantine met up with Edward the Elder, the King of Wessex who had just conquered the English Midlands.

The meeting probably took place in South Yorkshire and seems to have been arranged so that the changes in borders which had resulted from the recent wars could be agreed and recognised by all the important rulers in Britain.

Seven years later, in 927, following the



■ Columba's relics had to be removed from the site of Dunkeld Cathedral after king Aed's death.

conquest of York by Edward's son Athelstan, a similar meeting was held, this time further north at Eamont Bridge near Penrith. But Athelstan was not satisfied with simply adding York to his kingdom, which was now almost as big as modern England, and in 934 he invaded Constantine's kingdom of Alba.

The invasion of 934 was one of the largest Scotland had ever faced. As well as all his English followers, the king of Wessex was accompanied by three Welsh kings and six Viking chieftains. The land army was also shadowed by a fleet. Constantine, unprepared for such an onslaught, fled north to his fortress of Dunnottar.

The Scots king must have recalled, nervously, that this was the place where his cousin Domnall had been slain.

This time the fortress proved impregnable and terms were eventually agreed. We do not know what these were but we do know that Constantine spent the following Christmas at Athelstan's court at Buckingham.

Constantine must have felt publicly humiliated by the events of 934, and doubtless many of his subjects began to wonder if he was too old for the job. After all, he was now nearly 60 years of age.

Determined to prove he was not past it, Constantine began to build up a grand alliance. He married his daughter to Olaf, the Viking king of Dublin, and persuaded Owain of Strathclyde that the men of Wessex were not to be trusted and in 937 these three led a huge invasion of England.

Somewhere in the Midlands they met up with Athelstan's army and a devastating battle was fought at a place called Brunnanburh, the location

of which is unknown. Owain of Strathclyde was killed as was Constantine's son Cellach, but on the other side two of Athelstan's cousins and several earls and bishops were killed. Olaf and Constantine returned home bloody and battered, but Athelstan's dream of creating an English empire collapsed around him and he died two years later, most of his conquests having slipped away.

Constantine had certainly proved that he was not past it and he reigned into his seventies.

In 941 his son-in-law Olaf, who had made himself ruler of York on Athelstan's death, fell out with Oswulf, son and heir to Ealdred of Bamburgh, and invaded Lothian. Olaf was still a pagan and thought nothing of burning down the ancient monastery of Tynninghame. Unfortunately for him, according to legend, the founder of the monastery, St Baldred, returned from beyond the grave (he had died in 756) and struck him down.

The kings he had feasted and fought with were dead and gone and Constantine, by now a very old man, decided that he had had enough of being a king and retired to become a monk at St Andrews in 943. He lived another nine years and by his death he had become abbot of the community.

We do not know precisely when Constantine was born, but he died 65 years after his father's death. Very few Dark Age rulers lived to such a great age – Athelstan had been 43 at his death and Olaf may have been in his twenties – and his own survival and resilience in good times and bad made it possible for Alba, the Gaelic kingdom of Scotland, to survive as well.

The man who had become King of the Picts in 900 left the kingdom of the Scots to his heirs. ●

TIMELINE

878

King Aed, Constantine's father, is attacked by his followers and dies. Giric takes over Pictland. The infant Constantine, and his cousin Domnall are sent to Ireland.

889

Domnall and Constantine return and slay Giric at Dundurn in Strathearn. Domnall becomes king of Pictland.

900

The Vikings kill Domnall at Dunnottar. Constantine II becomes king of the Picts.

904

Constantine II defeats the Vikings at the battle of Strathcarron.

906

Constantine and Bishop Cellach, shape the kingdom of the Picts along Gaelic lines. From now on it is known as Alba or Scotland

918

Ealdred of Bamburgh asks Constantine's protection from the Vikings and lands as far south as the Tyne come under Scottish influence.

927

Aethelstan, king of Wessex, conquers most of England. Two kingdoms, Alba and England dominate Britain.

934

Athelstan mounts a massive invasion of Alba. Constantine is besieged at the fortress of Dunnottar.

937

Constantine and his allies invade England where they are defeated by Athelstan in battle at Brunnanburh.

943

After 43 years, Constantine renounces the kingship and retires to the monastery at St Andrews. He bequeaths the kingdom of the Scots to his heirs.

The perils of



Ascending to the throne of Alba was a risky business for its early occupants. If Vikings like Erik Bloodaxe didn't get them, their relatives very often did

History has given us a distorted picture of life in Scotland 1000 years ago. Violence seems to have been ever-present, but this was because the few surviving sources we have refer mostly to battles and murders of kings.

There is no doubt that early occupants of the throne were more likely to measure their reign in single rather than double figures.

For the ordinary people, life in Alba was not unlike modern trench warfare — days of boredom followed by moments of extreme terror. The tranquillity of tending the herds was shattered by the terrifying arrival of a Viking longship.

These Danish invaders wanted Alba's kings to give them land, the central economic resource. But such a payment required physically dragging the people from their homes — which in turn meant bloody conflict.

Arguably, disputes over land were really no-lose situations for the king. If he defeated his enemy, he got their land. If he lost, the slaughter of battle would at least reduce his population. He could then more easily share out his resources.

There's no doubt that kingship was a very tiring business. By the early 940s, Constantine II had grown weary of the throne and left the world to become a monk at St Andrews.

The kingship of Alba passed to Constantine's second cousin Malcolm, whose father, Domnall, had reigned half a century before. His reign seems to have been generally peaceful and stable. Apart from an attack on a mysterious character called Cellach in Moray, Malcolm I seemed for the most part to get on with his neighbours.

In 945, the English king Edmund, who had driven the Vikings out of Northumbria, attacked the Welsh-speaking kingdom of Strathclyde which stretched between Penrith and Govan with its royal centre at Cadzow near Hamilton. The English often had suspicions that the Clydesmen had sympathies with the Vikings and this was the pretext for their attack.

To teach King Dyfnwallon of Strathclyde a lesson, Edmund had the king's sons blinded. He

kingship

withdrew from the North, however, when King Malcolm offered Dyfnwallon protection. It is likely that at this point the King of Strathclyde married a daughter of Malcolm, as the son who succeeded him in about 970 was called Malcolm and must have been born after this date, since blind men were banned from royal succession.

Malcolm I only went to war again near the end of his reign. After the death of King Edmund, the Dublin Vikings, in the formidable personage of Olaf Cuaran, had taken over Northumbria again. But in 948 Olaf was replaced by a coup by the

Anglo-Danish population of Northumbria who invited Erik Bloodaxe, the Norwegian king who ruled from Orkney, to reign. The real danger of encirclement of Alba by Erik's forces, together with the urgings of former King Constantine from his monastery at St Andrews, energised Malcolm, and in 950 he led a raid deep into Erik's territory.

Two years later Malcolm I led a grand alliance of the men of Alba, Strathclyde and the Angles who dwelt between the Forth and the Tyne in a grand invasion of Northumbria, but this time Erik was ready for them. The same summer the English, under the feeble King Eadred, also marched against Erik, but finding him absent in the North they contented themselves with burning down the monastery of Ripon, whose monks had prayed for Erik's victory. Later, in the Middle Ages, Ripon was believed to possess the crozier of Saint Mungo and it may be that this was booty taken from Strathclyde by Erik and given to the monks as compensation for the English attack.

Erik had survived the concerted efforts of the men of Alba, Dublin and England to remove him. Where might had failed, guile prevailed. Oswulf of Bamburgh, the ruler of the northern Angles, pretended to switch sides and organised an expedition with Erik against the Kingdom of Strathclyde. As Erik's forces crossed the Stainmore pass which separates Yorkshire from Westmoreland, following what is the route of the A66, they were ambushed by the Dublin faction led by Maccus, son of Olaf Cuaran. Erik, his brother and his eldest son were slain. Erik's last stand is commemorated by a stone cross stump by the side of the A66.

The men of Alba, so far as we know, played no part in this deceit, but it may well have been events north of the Forth which gave Oswulf the chance to put his plan into action. That same year, Malcolm had been murdered at Fetteresso by the men of the Mearns and Oswulf may have suggested that, now the king of Alba was out of the way, nothing could prevent them from carving up Strathclyde between them.

Malcolm's death was followed by the inauguration at Scone of Constantine's son Illulb, who reigned from 954-62. His name appears to be a Gaelic spelling of the Norse name Hildulfr, which may suggest that at least one of Constantine's wives was of Scandinavian origin.

That didn't make Illulb immune from Viking attacks. In 961, following the return of Erik's son Harald Grey-cloak to take up the kingship of Norway and fill the power vacuum in Orkney, there seems to have been an upsurge in raiding. Unfortunately for Illulb, he was one of their victims, slain by Norsemen in Buchan.

Illulb's only significant contribution to the nation's history was his occupation of Edinburgh and, one presumes, West and Mid-Lothian, bringing them into the kingdom of Alba. It is



■ Scotland in 1000 was divided into four kingdoms – Alba or 'Scotland' ruled by Kenneth III, the Earldom of Bamburgh, Strathclyde under King Owein and the Isles under King Ronald.

thought that the fortress, for there was as yet no city there, was abandoned by the Lords of Bamburgh but there is some evidence, in the form of place-names and saints cults, which suggests that the Esk, which runs into the Forth at Musselburgh, may have been the boundary between Alba and the Angles of Bamburgh after Illulb conquered Edinburgh.

After Illulb's death his son, Culén (or Colin), and Malcolm's son, Dub (Duff), fought a civil war for five years. Dub seemed to have the upper hand until he foolishly led an expedition into Colin's heartland in Moray and was slain at Forres.

Colin then reigned unopposed until 971 when, on a visit to Strathclyde, he attempted to rape the daughter of Rhydderch, one of the blinded sons of King Dyfnwallon. In revenge, Rhydderch led his servants outside the household and they set fire to the house burning Colin, his men, and presumably the poor girl, to death.

It was Dub's brother Kenneth who then took the kingship and he immediately avenged himself on the Clydesmen. Colin may have been his own brother's killer, but no foreigner was to be allowed to get away with killing a king of Alba. Kenneth II ravaged the whole of Strathclyde and even led his armies as far as the adjacent English territory of Westmoreland. It may have been as a result of this attack on Strathclyde that Dyfnwallon gave up his throne to his son Malcolm, who was probably Kenneth II's nephew. This king of Alba next turned his attentions to the territories of the Angles and in the course of an invasion of their territory captured the son of Eadwulf Evil-Child, Lord of Bamburgh.

We next hear of Kenneth the following year, in 973, when he attended a meeting of kings at Chester. As well as Kenneth, the rulers gathered together included the King of the Isles, Malcolm of Strathclyde, an Irish king called Domnall and ▶



■ Left: Erik Bloodaxe the Viking, King of Northumbria. Erik defeated the men of Alba, Dublin and England before treachery sealed his fate. Above: The distinctive 10th-century round-tower at Brechin marks Kenneth II's founding of the church.

Kings of Alba

Clann Constantin

Kenneth MacAlpin

Clann Áeda

Constantine I
862-76Áed
876-8Domnall
889-900Constantine II
900-c.943Malcolm I
c.943-54

Kings of Strathclyde

Illub
954-62Dub
962-6Kenneth II
971-95

daughter

Owein
c.916-37Dyfnwllon
c.937-71Collin
966-71Amalbh
(d.977)Kenneth III
997-1005Malcolm II
1005-1034Malcolm
c.971-97Owein
997-1015Constantine III
(995-7)

Clann Ruaidrí

Ruaidrí

Crinan
(d.1045)

Bethoc

Owein?
1015-7Mael Brigte
(d.>1014?)Fidhláech
(>1020)Duncan
1034-40Malcolm III
1058-93Malcolm
1020-29Gilla Comgáin
?1029-32MacBeth
1029?-57Lulach
1057-8Mael Snechta King of Moray
1058?-1085

■ Kenneth MacAlpin, king of the Picts, father of the dynasty that created Scotland.

■ The Kings of Alba descended from the sons of Kenneth MacAlpin (inset), showing how the kingship swung back and forth between their families. Clann Ruaidrí, who lived in Moray, also claimed the title, and two of them, MacBeth and Lulach, were recognised. Bold type signifies kings.



► several Welsh rulers. We may never know what caused all these kings to gather at Chester in 973, but it is interesting to note the absence of Olaf Cuaran – the Viking chieftain who had been driven out of York by Erik in 948.

Following his flight in 948, Olaf had disappeared from the historical record for 20 years only to sail into Dublin in 970, giving his erstwhile neighbours the impression that this time there was to be no more Mister Nice-guy!

Whether it was fear of Olaf or some other reason that brought these rulers together, and created a sense of good will unmatched for decades in the island of Britain, we cannot say, but in his eagerness to placate Kenneth, King Edgar seems to have persuaded Eadwulf Evil-Child to surrender East Lothian to the king of Alba. Doubtless in return for the release of his son.

After a peaceful reign of nearly a quarter of a century, Kenneth was murdered in the Mearns, as his father had been. The kingdom went briefly to Constantine, son of Culán, but he was slain within two years. The next reign from 997, that of

Kenneth III, son of Dub, was also short and came to a brutal end when Kenneth II's son, Malcolm, killed his cousin and seized the throne in 1005.

Malcolm II's accession was the first since the return of the MacAlpin dynasty in 889 that had broken the pattern of alternating succession between the two lines descended from Kenneth MacAlpin's two sons. Not everyone in the kingdom was happy with this and in Moray a man named Findláech was elected king. His family may have come from Cromarty and had a long history of defending the north of Alba against the Norsemen in Sutherland and Caithness – a century-long war, the details of which are not known – but how he was related to the royal house remains a mystery.

Malcolm attempted to protect himself against Findláech by marrying his daughter to Sigurd Earl of Orkney, persuading the Norsemen to keep the Moraymen occupied whilst he attempted to secure his southern border.

The early part of his reign was spent in warfare against Earl Uhtred the Lord of

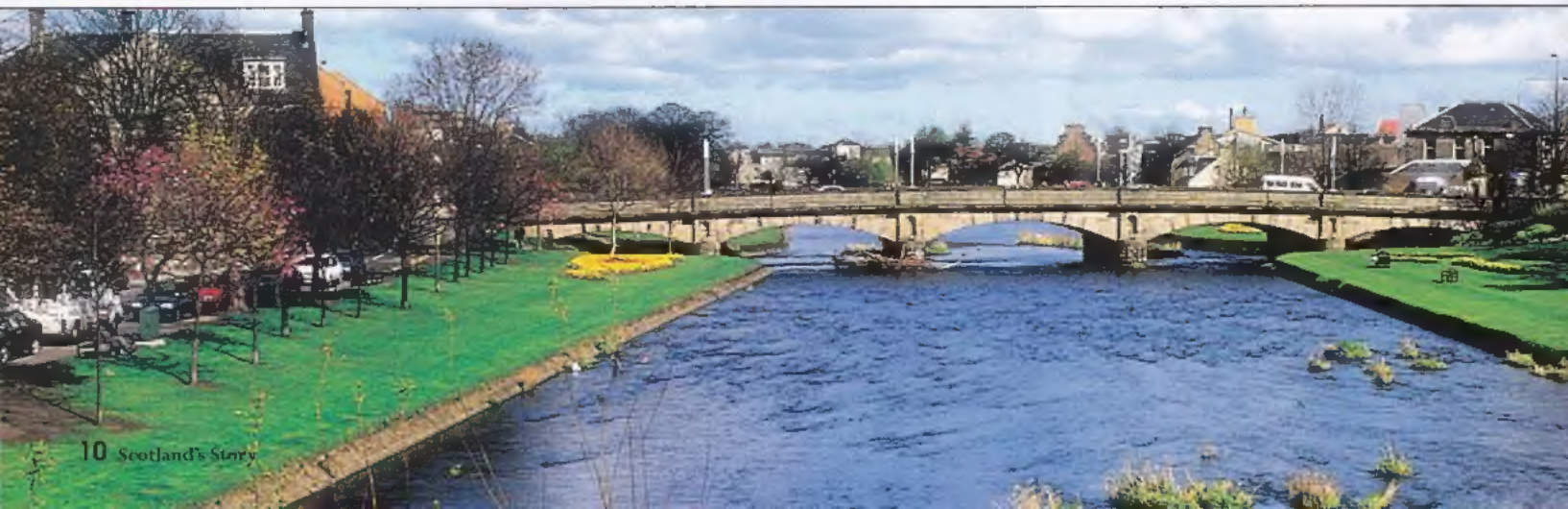
Bamburgh. At first he did badly and was defeated by Uhtred while attacking Durham.

When the Danes, under Canute, conquered England in 1016 and Uhtred lost his support from the south, Malcolm called upon his kinsman Owein of Strathclyde and they mustered a great invasion force which defeated Uhtred at Carham on the Tweed. Uhtred fled south to ask Canute for help but the Danish king, not trusting the older English aristocracy, had Uhtred cut down in the royal hall before he even managed to say his piece.

Canute and Malcolm bickered over the northern frontier but eventually, in the 1020s, they were persuaded by the Duke of Normandy, of all people, to settle the frontier on the Tweed.

By the 1030s, Malcolm must have felt very pleased with himself and his place in the world until his thoughts turned to Moray in the north where the Orkney earldom, riven by civil war, had ceased to play its role in his plans, and where Findláech's son MacBeth was now calling himself king. ●

■ The River Esk, East Lothian, which – after Illub's capture of Edinburgh – formed the frontier between Alba and the Angles of Bamburgh.



Once upon a millennium

The arrival of the year 1000 was hugely more significant in the religious Scotland of the day than the hyped event ten centuries later

A thousand years ago Scottish society was self-consciously Christian. Many thought the millennium of Christ's birth heralded the Second Coming and the end of the world, an event they would have looked forward to with eager anticipation, mixed with dread.

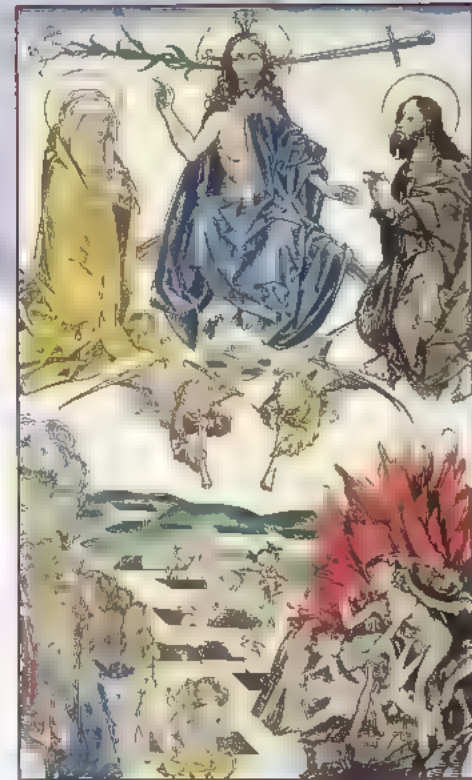
Every community had a simple wood-and-turf church building, where folk met for public events – fun fairs or business deals. They probably did not worship every Sunday, and would only have paid attention when the bread and wine became Christ's body and blood for their salvation. But they would have come to celebrate births and mourn deaths.

The Church also brought localities together into networks. Local churches were controlled by more important churches, which were bigger and built

of timber. They would have been staffed by more than one priest, and controlled by the local lord or by an even more important church.

There would have been no huge cathedrals or abbeys. The lords in Scotland did not have such wealth. The fine sculpture which remains show they had culture and taste, but only enough wealth to pay a skilled craftsman – not gangs of builders for years on end. Perhaps this means that they did not exploit the people who worked the land. There was only a small population, as most of Scotland was covered by trees with only scattered communities in a few fertile areas.

What daily life was like for the people is largely a matter of conjecture. On the following pages we give a glimpse of how it might have been.



■ Tending the boar, below, was a challenging task. And Scots in the year 999 may have thought the new millennium heralded Judgment Day, above.



Undergarments were not removed until the warmer weather returned

FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL

The year 1000 would have been full of tough decisions for the average Scottish farmer. Though of survival were always uppermost in his mind.

Grains weren't hard enough to sustain winter planting, so in January great effort would have been spent on maintenance, like cutting back hedgerows, and general repairs.

Farms would waken from their slumber as spring approached. Much time would be spent bringing up young animals and tending crops.

After the August harvest decisions would have been made on which livestock, and how many, should be killed before winter's onset.

Farmers had to calculate how much food they needed, and how much they could spare for the animals that would be kept through the harshest months. Up to two-thirds of cattle would be killed off, or in the case of pigs, salted down.

Diet varied throughout the year. In the weeks leading up to harvest people would rely on a meat and dairy diet, whereas meats would be in much shorter supply in the later months of winter.

Travellers in 1000 had to plan well in advance. Those heading for Rome for the year's most important festival – Easter – would have set out nearly a year earlier to be sure of getting there on time.

What a difference a millennium makes. At the end of this one Govan is best known as the home of Rab C Nesbitt, yet travel back to the beginning of those 1000 years, and the heart of Red Clydeside was once a principal royal and religious stronghold.

Govan was a small community built around a large church controlled by Strathclyde's King Owain. It was a place that ranked alongside St Andrews, Dunfermline and Scone as the country's most important and wealthy centres.

Edinburgh and Stirling, on the other hand, were just small hill forts on top of their respective volcanic rocks and it would be more than 100 years before anything known as Glasgow was born.

Scotland then was nothing like the place we know today. Forget the idea of cities or towns, even the concept of a village was vague and people preferred to live on isolated farms, or in huts beside churches and monasteries.

There is a common belief that folk in 1000 resided in a terror-stricken land where hordes of brutal savages raped, killed, and pillaged everything they could get their hands on, and impoverished peasants feared each meal would be their last. Certainly life was hard but it was not unbearable. Life expectancy rates, for a variety of reasons, were generally less than ours, but these times were stable enough for you to be confident that, as long as you worshipped God, little harm would come your way.

Society may have been vastly different but it operated within the same general principles of right and wrong, good and evil. People were hard-working and resourceful, and understood the well-established rules and values of their own small communities.

If you were to meet the average Scot in those days, the first thing you would spot would be the remarkable physical resemblance. Contrary to popular belief, men stood only an inch smaller

than their modern-day counterparts, and women on average were actually slightly taller.

The next thing you would notice would be the smell, particularly if it was a warm day just before the onset of spring. At the beginning of each winter everyone sewed on undergarments that would not be removed until the warmer weather had returned months later.

The idea of baths, and washing for that matter, was of little concern even to the well-off whose main objective was survival, and whose home was often one large room shared with the rest of the family, servants and a variety of farmyard animals.

These folk probably didn't clean their teeth either. But there was little need. The basic diet of meats, fish, oats, cereals, bread and cheese didn't include future luxuries like spinach, beans, sprouts, potatoes, tea, coffee, chocolate or sugar. So an ancient Scot's teeth would arguably have been in better condition than ours.

Honey satisfied cravings for sweetness. Charms were made up to persuade swarms of bees to build hives on people's land, and stealing someone else's honey was considered so serious that, in England, it was made a capital offence.

The Church was the focal point of every community and played a pivotal role in society, though superstition was also a common part of everyday life. Saints like Andrew or Bridget were the soap opera stars of the first millennium in Scotland, adored by the masses as screen or sporting stars are today.

There were no doctors to treat illness. The sick travelled to the major monasteries at St Andrews, Dunkeld and Abernethy to be cured by touching bones, or other relics, of the saints.

Clergymen, like others in positions of power, travelled far more widely than the peasants, and were often the only source of news from elsewhere. People were destined for a life spent solely in their own communities. They tended to hold stereotypical views of people who lived in relatively close foreign lands such as England and

■ Survival was the driving force for Scottish farmers and they would have to slaughter two-thirds of their animals to see them through winter.



Ireland. Rome and Jerusalem, the only two places on the continent they would have known about, were afforded mythical status.

Closer to home, a pecking order based on hereditary privilege had been long established. Elite members of society were educated to a significant level, and the local lord – sometimes known as the thane or even the king himself, would travel around their regions collecting taxes of food.

Much of Scotland was still marshy and covered by forest, but substantial tracts of land had been cultivated for the grazing and farming of sheep, cattle and crops. Most people would be found living in river valleys or at important coastal points.

Farm owners enjoyed feasting and drinking in each other's homes, singing, story-telling and reciting poetry over sumptuous meals and large quantities of beer and mead. Wine was also drunk, but tended to be the preserve of royalty and the church.

The sparse amount of documentary evidence stretching back to the end of the first millennium concentrates solely on the heroic feats of men in battle, and never mentions women.

Boys would pledge allegiance to the King, and be considered fit enough to fight in battle, as young as 12. Girls, on the other hand, would often be 'married' in their early teens to older men.

Unsurprisingly, women played second fiddle in a society where men were expected and encouraged to take more than one wife, and father as many children as possible.

Women higher up the social scale would have reached a significant level of status, but it's likely they would have been excluded from important decision making.

A few decades after the first millennium, Queen Margaret, who was later canonised as a saint, was said to have arrived at Laurencekirk Church to be told it was strictly off-limits to women. It was only after it was explained who she was that the doors were opened.

Public ceremonies were held to mark births, and the union of a man and a woman was seen more as a contract rather than the institution of marriage we know today.

The local church would adjudicate over disputes, administer justice and oversee business deals between farmers. It would even be the scene of 'liquid' celebrations to mark important events like the harvest.

But perhaps the greatest religious involvement centred on death. Families would pay the church for their loved ones to be the subject of a funeral which would help carry them safely on to another world.

For the average peasant, life was a tough round of work and prayer, and the occasional party. Excavated bones from that period show evidence of arthritis which was most probably caused by years of hard labour ploughing the fields.

But the people believed their sacrifice was worth it. They had faith that their worship of God, combined with working hard for their masters, guaranteed the ultimate journey to Heaven rather than Hell. ●

What is time?

It dominates the way we live our lives and has become such an integral part of our existence that we take it for granted. But the passing of time, as we understand it today, is entirely man-made – the result of a basic human obsession to place, measure and label everyone and everything.

The challenge of setting up a workable system of dates and times has consumed the energies of the brightest minds for thousands of years, with different cultures devising their own methods. It's a process that has been influenced by academics, politicians, popes, kings, and even train drivers.

There is no doubt that mistakes were made. Some chronological experts believe the biggest howler came when the *anno domini* (AD) system first came into use. This occurred after the seventh century scholar Dionysius Exiguus mentioned to Pope John I how inappropriate it was that the Church was using the pagan calendar of the Romans. He suggested dating the Christian era from the year Christ was born.

However, he is said to have miscalculated the date by at least four years, meaning that the real 2000 millennium probably passed quietly in 1996.

The system of time which governs our lives today has its roots in the calendars of the ancient Egyptians. Much of what we use was set up during Julius Caesar's reign in Rome.

Long before that, 20,000 years ago, hunters in Europe during the last Ice Age scratched lines and gouged holes in sticks and bones, possibly to count days between phases of the moon. Standing stones like those at Callanish, which were built around 5,000 years ago, are apparently aligned to mark significant lunar events connected with the landscape, while the Clava cairns near Inverness, built 4,000 years ago, align to the midwinter Sun.

Ancient civilisations told the time according to a variety of celestial cycles, but it's when the Egyptians realised that the star we know as Sirius rose next to the Sun every 365 days that the foundations for the solar calendars we use were laid.

The splitting of each day and night into 24 separate hours probably came with the division of the celestial zodiac into 12 equal segments, each marking a constellation through which the Sun passed on a single cycle of the Moon. Because it takes the Sun around 360 days to complete its circuit among the stars, it seems that the natural thing to do was partition different periods in

divisions of six or 12, resulting in 60 seconds to the minute, 60 minutes to the hour, and 12 hours for day and night.

The first clocks date back as far as 6000 BC, when the great civilisations of the Middle East and North Africa discovered sundials. The simple act of putting a stick in the ground and marking its shadow signalled the first step in what would culminate in our present timekeeping system. Later water clocks, sanded hour glasses and banded candles became the first instruments to track the passing of time without having to observe the skies.

The hour, out of economic necessity, was soon grabbed from nature and confined to work behind the facade of a weight-driven machine. The first mechanical clock had arrived, sparking a revolution that had huge consequences for societies and their economies.

London's first public mechanical clock dates back to 1292, and was a great sign of civic progress and status. A later example in Padua,

Italy, which took 16 years to build, was renowned throughout Europe for its brass and bronze disks which pointed to the hours and months of the year, as well as the signs of the zodiac.

The earliest record of a Scottish public clock dates back to the early 15th century when reference is made to a 'knock' inside a church in Ayr. Knocks would strike time as opposed to the later 'orloges' which had dials. More advanced and accurate clocks were made using the pendulum

method first discovered by Galileo. But it was not until the 19th century that they would be afforded by the average man in the street.

Up until then the time in Edinburgh would have been different from Glasgow, London or anywhere else in Britain. That was because there was no way of communicating instantly over large distances, and clocks and watches couldn't be synchronised. That changed in 1852 with the arrival of the electric telegraph.

Ironically it was the need for trains to run exactly on time that finally brought the whole of Britain into line with official Greenwich Mean Time.

Today Scotland's most famous clock sits at the east end of Edinburgh's Princes Street on top of the Balmoral Hotel. However, it's always a few minutes faster than clocks everywhere else, just to help commuters make sure they don't miss their train at Waverley Station.



■ Astronomers used stars to measure time.

With more than its share of patron saints, Scotland was a magnet for pilgrims from abroad. Scots also took to the holy routes, which were often long, arduous and dangerous



When saint-seekers came marching in

Pilgrimage and the cults of saints were as popular with the Pictish, Irish, Norse and Scots peoples of Scotland as with any others in Christendom

With major shrines at the heart of important reliquary churches at Iona, St Andrews, Kirkwall, Whithorn, Glasgow, Dunkeld, Dunfermline and

Iain, Scotland had more than its fair share of patron saints, ranging from Andrew – an apostle of Christ – through national, indigenous saints such as Níman, Columba and Kentigern, to a multiplicity of lesser holy men and martyrs

From the earliest times, Scots were recognised on the pilgrimage

roads of Europe by characteristic clothing, which included shoes tied around their neck to make the journey even harder.

The archaeology of pilgrimage can illustrate an aspect of medieval life with which we can still connect and even replicate, providing a rare “shiver of contact”

Much can still be seen of the paths, churches and shrines, as experienced by our Medieval forebears. By revisiting these, armed with an understanding of the remains, we can reconnect with their lives, reaching a better comprehension of the personal faith and devotion of these people who, during the first 1,000 years of Christianity, shaped the land and national identity we have inherited.

The Reformation in 1559-60 attempted to remove all traces of the shrines, yet a surprisingly large body of evidence has survived

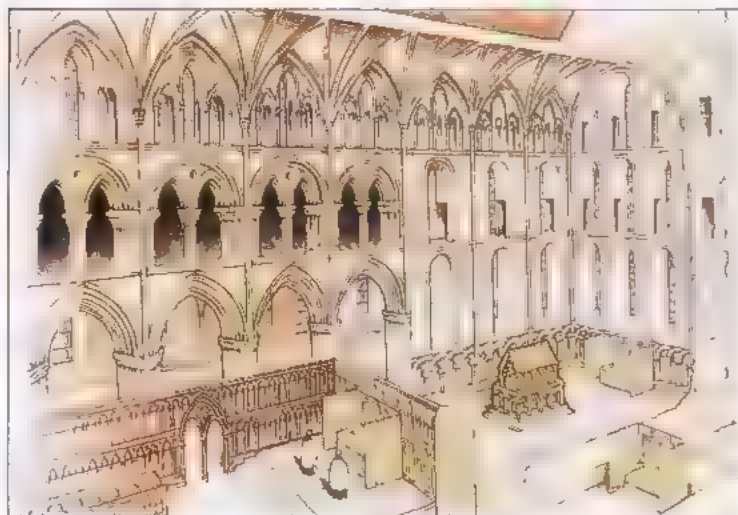
Pilgrimage in Scotland is as old as Christianity itself. With so many churches holding saintly relics, Scotland attracted the attention of a lot of far-flung communities. Many

of the early missionaries were elected saints, with some, such as Columba of Iona, who died in 597, regarded as saints even during their own lifetime. Their places of burial became renowned as the source of miracles

Possibly the oldest shrine of all was the tomb of St Níman at Whithorn in Galloway. He is believed to have been the leader of Romanised Christians here in the 5th century, and recent excavations around his hilltop shrine have revealed intensive phases of church-building from then up to the Reformation

Devotion to Níman remained constant throughout a period of more than 1000 years, transcending numerous shifts in power within the region.

The other important early cult was that of Kentigern, also known as Mungo, who is believed to have died around 612, and whose burial place inspired the creation of Glasgow Cathedral. This is the most complete, large medieval reliquary church to survive in Scotland.



■ Reconstruction drawing of St Andrews Cathedral interior showing the shrine – or the chasse – where the bones of the saint himself were kept.

■ Left: Our map shows the hidden landscape of Scotland's past that can be traced today. The pilgrimage routes of Fife often gave birth to the places now found along their way. Examples are Scotlandwell, an important resting point for the walkers, and the locations of the crossings that acquired names ending in 'ferry'.

■ Right: An artist's evocation of the first exhilarating view of St Andrews for tired pilgrims arriving from the south in the 15th century.

enabling the modern visitor to easily replicate the experience of the medieval pilgrims

What was the motivation for pilgrimage?

It was to attain the greatest prize of all – salvation of the immortal soul. The people were taught by the Church that they were destined for the fiery pit, unless they took positive action to remove their sin. Pilgrimage can therefore be seen as a metaphor for medieval life – a journey to achieve salvation, with pilgrimage acting as a bridge between this world and the next

The shrines containing the bones of saints played a crucial role in the forgiveness of sin, in the expiation of a crime, even manslaughter, and in the witnessing of vows and contracts. The effectiveness of the pilgrimage was multiplied if the penitents were present during auspicious festivals such as Easter, or the feast days of the individual saints.

Not all would have lived up to the pious ideal; for some, pilgrimages represented a convivial excuse for travel and fun, which would otherwise have been impossible within a society where most were bound by rigid ties to land, family and service. Preparation for pilgrimage might have been the only occasion when poor peasants were permitted to travel far distances from their parish

Before travel, written permission had to be granted by the parish priest, and warm clothing obtained, forming the universally recognised pilgrim's garb. This consisted of a ►



Scots walked the routes with



■ **Left:** Detail from the Landing of Margaret at Queensferry, a painting by William Hole in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery.

■ **Right:** St William of Perth wearing characteristic pilgrim's garb: broad-brimmed hat, rough tunic and heavy cloak. He carried a staff, water bottle and his scrip – a food satchel.

► rough tunic and a heavy cloak, also with a broad-brimmed hat, a staff, a water bottle, and a small satchel for food, known as a scrip

Safe-conducts were obtained from the English Crown for pilgrimages outwith Scotland, especially during the long centuries of conflict between the two countries from the later 13th century on. These safe-conducts could be for years, especially for pilgrimages to Rome or the Holy Land. There was a good likelihood that the individual might never return, having fallen prey to disease or cut-throats.

The property and estates of pilgrims, especially lordly ones, were placed under the protection of the king, and no legal claims against the pilgrims could be settled until their safe return. The night before departure, the pilgrim's staff and scrip were placed on the high altar to absorb the protection of the Holy Spirit.

Safe-conducts were also given in Scotland. In 1427 James I issued a general safe conduct for the benefit of pilgrims from England and the Isle of Man coming to St Ninian's shrine at Whithorn, specifying in the conditions of their visa that 'they are to come by sea or land and to return by the same route, to bear themselves as pilgrims and to remain in Scotland for no more

shoes tied round their necks



■ The remains of St Andrews Cathedral give a good indication of the scale of what for centuries was Scotland's largest building.

than 15 days, they are to wear openly the (pilgrim's) badge as they come, and another on their return journey'

The pilgrim's journey was a complex of ferries, roads, bridges, and fords. Chapels, hospitals and inns were created and maintained to ease the way for them. The support of this infrastructure was a recognised act of piety.

Travel was slow, arduous and often dangerous, and it was believed that the harder the journey, the greater the benefit to the soul. This is illustrated in the encounter on the way to Whithorn in July 1504 between James IV and some 'puir folk from Tain passand to Whithorn'

James himself was a devout pilgrim, well acquainted with Tain in Easter Ross from his annual visits to the great shrine of St Duthac. But for the people of Tain it was not sufficient to attend their own shrine. Instead they chose to journey hundreds of miles across the spine of Scotland to another famous shrine in Galloway.

Pilgrims' ferries were provided on the two crossings of the Forth for bona fide pilgrims to the shrine of the Apostle at St Andrews. They qualified for free passage by displaying the appropriate demeanour, garb, and pilgrim's badge. The most famous was

the western crossing known to this day as Queensferry, endowed by St Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore in the 11th century.

Her biographer, writing shortly after her death in 1093, recorded that she not only provided ships for the crossing, but also established hostels on either side of the Forth with staff who were instructed to 'wait upon the pilgrims with great care'. Aiding pilgrims like this was believed to earn the giver points for reception in Heaven. Scots pilgrims' badges provide reliable evidence of the movement of people, of arduous journeys, while also underlining the tangible devotion to individual saints.

There is also a body of pilgrimage artefacts which illustrate Scots' pilgrimages further afield, to shrines in England, Europe and the Holy Land.

Pilgrimage helps us to understand the design and function of many of the great churches and cathedrals of medieval Scotland, not only their use in the often-exclusive worship of monks or clergy, but also their role in popular religion.

Great reliquary churches were built to house the relics of the saints, thus making them accessible to the faithful, while keeping them secure.

Pilgrims to St Andrews in the 15th

century would have been drawn towards the Cathedral by the distant view of tall spires and towers. Having passed through the burgh gates, they would have mingled with the crowds who came not just for the religious services but also for the secular festivities and markets.

Their sense of anticipation would be



■ Author Peter Yeoman on a possible pilgrims' way at Newburgh, Fife.

heightened as they entered the sacred space of the Cathedral through the north door and joined the shuffling throng following the well-worn one way route towards the great shrine. As they moved east around the high altar, their senses would be assailed by incense and golden candlelight, glistening on statues, wall-hangings, and tomb effigies.

The pilgrims then found themselves in the shrine chapel, in the presence of the relics of the first chosen Apostle of Christ, housed in a great jewelled box called a chasse, raised up for security and visibility. The psychological effect of this experience – the huge scale of the building, coupled with the spiritual impact and the crush of unwashed humanity – would have been overwhelming for many. So the stage was set for healing miracles.

As we approach the Millennium, pilgrimage has regained popularity.

A major ecumenical pilgrimage is planned from St Andrews via Dunfermline to arrive in Edinburgh on Holy Rood (Cross) Day, September 14, 2000. It is one of four international pilgrimages planned in Europe, which aim, by visiting the holy places along the old trackways, to explore one of the defining aspects of our common European heritage. ●

He puts us in a super saint league

16th-century oak statue of St Andrew, which is in the National Museum in Edinburgh. Did he even know of Scotland's existence?

A place in Ancient Greece called Patras, a battlefield near the East Lothian village of Athelstaneford, a Pictish settlement once known as

Killymont and a cathedral in the Italian resort of Amalfi are all linked by a fascinating web of legends. These stories centre on Andrew, one of Christ's Apostles, who became patron saint of Scotland.

But why Scotland? Andrew had no connection with this part of the world, which was seen as a wild and unfriendly place that had defeated even the colonising powers of the Roman legions.

He was probably unaware that it even existed. Yet centuries later, Scotland would adopt the Saltire – the cross of St Andrew – for its national flag, and pilgrims by the thousand would make the arduous journey to pray at his shrine in St Andrews, the town which was named after him.

To understand how all this happened, you need to think first about the people in many lands whom the church wanted to convert to Christianity. These people worshipped a variety of pagan gods and each had power over a particular aspect of life – such as war, love and fertility.

Around the 8th century, the church reasoned that if it gave people a range of saints with special powers, they would find it easier to accept the concept of one god. So began the early cult of the saints.

The movement was encouraged by various Popes who decreed that saintly relics, mostly held in Rome, should be dispersed to religious centres throughout the world. These were usually said to be the bones of long-dead saints, or items connected with their lives.

It was thought that having such a relic in 'a church near you' would give newly converted people a sense of pride and focus for their faith.

Historians have pointed out that even where the authenticity of the relics was dubious, the people's belief in their power was what mattered.

Next, we need to consider why separate nations would adopt a patron saint.

There was a political background to





Cross in the sky

There is a place in East Lothian, Athelstaneford, which is home to one of the greatest legends surrounding St Andrew.

The name Athelstaneford has ancient Gaelic and Anglian derivations and roughly means 'fort next to a ford, or river'. The name helps show that Picts and Angles fought a turf war there.

According to the 15th century chronicler Walter Bower, around 700 the Pictish King Unust was engaged in a long military campaign against the Angles in Northumbria. After many days laying waste to his enemy's settlements, he brought his troops back north to rest on a pleasant plain in East Lothian. Meanwhile, however, the Angles rallied and launched a surprise attack.

As the battle progressed, things were going badly for the out-manned King Unust, and he began praying fervently to God and the Apostles, especially the Apostle Andrew, to bring him victory.

The following night he was rewarded with a dream vision in

which Andrew granted him 'joyful victory' over his adversary. Armed with this news, the Picts went on and routed their enemy.

There is another popular interpretation of Bower's account which states that, during the course of the battle, when defeat seemed imminent, Unust cast his eyes heavenward and saw a huge cloud in the form of an X-shaped cross hanging in the blue sky above.

Taking great heart from this, his people then lifted themselves and battled their way to victory.

This is probably an embellished version of the dream vision in which Andrew tells Unust: "Nor will (your enemies) prevail in battle against you, because an angel bearing the standard of our Lord's Cross will go in front of you in the sight of many."

Improbable as Bower's tale may be, it has nonetheless captured the imagination of the people of East Lothian to such an extent that in 1965 a commemorative plaque and Saltire, pictured left, were erected at Athelstaneford.

► this, for a country with a patron saint was emphasising its loyalty to the all powerful church in Rome and could be more confident of the church's backing in times of strife. And when Scotland adopted St Andrew, the country was making a very astute choice for a saint who had been the first of Jesus's chosen followers carried a hefty diplomatic clout. Not even England or France had a saint straight out of the Bible.

Andrew and his brother, Simon Peter, were born in Bethsaida, Galilee, and became fishermen like their father Jona.

When Jesus was preaching in the area he lodged in their father's house, and the brothers were very much aware of the man's charisma. It was some time later, though, that Jesus called them to become 'fishers of men', and they followed him as full-time evangelists.

After the crucifixion of Jesus, Andrew's mission led him to several places in Asia Minor and Greece. Like the other Apostles he was credited with several miracles, but even some early churchmen have dismissed many of these tales as exaggerated.

Around 70 years after the death of Christ, Andrew was martyred in the place called Patras: he had angered the Roman proconsul by persuading the official's wife to adopt Christian beliefs. The proconsul had Andrew thrown into prison, then had him beaten and taken to the seashore to be crucified.

He was said to be tied to the cross rather than nailed, and he preached to crowds of onlookers during this slow death. The story that Andrew's cross was decussate – or X-shaped – didn't take

root until many centuries later. The legend industry fairly gets going, though, when it comes to the Scottish connection.

How did the relics of St Andrew come to this distant land? In one version, a Greek monk called Regulus, known in English as Rule, was given charge of some of the relics at Constantinople in the 8th century. These were thought to be a tooth, a kneecap, three fingers of the right hand, and an arm bone.

In a dream, an angel told Regulus to sail with them in a north westerly direction 'towards the ends of the earth', and await further instructions.

The voyage led him to the promontory of Fife Ness, near an important Pictish town called Kilrymont, 'the end of the king's muir', where he was ordered to take the relics ashore and build churches.

In another version, an English bishop called Acca came from Yorkshire to escape a local power struggle. Like other high churchmen of his time, Acca had visited Rome where, with the Pope's approval, he collected relics of several saints, including Andrew. So when Acca arrived in Kilrymont to seek the protection of the Pictish King Unust (also known as Angus), he had Andrew's relics as a bargaining counter.

Four centuries later, however, it was reported that a coffin holding Andrew's bones was received with great ceremony at the Italian coastal town of Amalfi, south of Naples. At the cathedral, the Duomo Sant' Andrea, the coffin was opened and the cardinal lifted out the saint's bones and his skull one by one and showed them to a cheering crowd. Outside this magnificent cathedral today,

beside the café tables in the square, you can see a bronze statue of St Andrew on his cross.

So much is uncertain about the history of these times. But one thing is sure: the place called Kilrymont became St Andrews, and was to be one of the most important places of pilgrimage in Medieval Scotland.

There were 20 top-ranking destinations for pilgrims in Scotland, stretching from Whithorn in the south to Papa Westray in Orkney. The pilgrims believed that an aura of holiness and healing spilled from the shrines they visited; and this, together with the offerings they gave to the church, would earn them a quicker passage through purgatory before they entered Heaven.

Pilgrims were, in a sense, the first tourists. Countless thousands went to St Andrews where the reliquary of St Andrew was housed in a magnificent cathedral. And the offerings the pilgrims brought to the shrine of St Andrew went towards maintaining the fabulous cathedral, the largest building in Medieval Scotland.

With the Reformation, the era of the pilgrim moved to a close. In 1559, St Andrews Cathedral was stripped of its fittings and 'idolatry' by a Protestant mob.

The fate of the saint's relics was for a long time uncertain, but two of his bones are preserved in the St Andrew Altar in St Mary's Roman Catholic Cathedral, Edinburgh (see next page).

It was not the Reformers, though, but time and disuse which reduced the huge cathedral in St Andrews – dedicated by Bruce after Bannockburn to a sad ruin. ●

Apostle's treasured relics are safe in Scottish hands



■ Pope Paul VI gave Scotland a new relic in 1969 — brought from St Peter's in Rome by Cardinal Gordon Gray (left) to St Mary's Cathedral (below).

It should be among our most well known national sites, but the significance of St Mary's Catholic Cathedral in Edinburgh has largely been overlooked by Scotland's heritage makers. For enshrined in the altar are two relics of Scotland's national saint, Andrew.

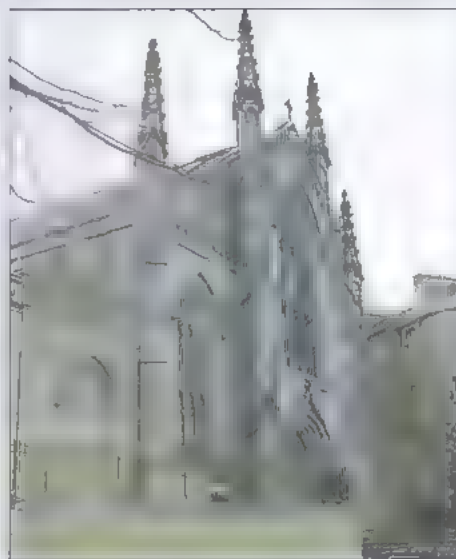
The story of the relics' connection with Scotland, however, is a tumultuous one.

After being stored at St Andrews for more than eight centuries, they went missing during the Reformation — an event that broke Scotland's physical connection with its patron for more than three centuries, until, in 1879, the Catholic Church brought a relic of St Andrew back to Scottish soil.

In that year Archbishop Strain received from the Archbishop of Amalfi in Italy a large portion of the shoulder blade of St Andrew. It was brought to Edinburgh by Bishop Rigg and placed in a silver gilt shrine, which had been donated by the Marquess of Bute.

Fittingly, on St Andrew's Day that year the relic was exposed on the altar of the Blessed Virgin accompanied by a High Mass.

The town of St Andrews, too, renewed its role as custodian when a small piece of bone was also



brought back from Amalfi in 1951 by the curate of St James Catholic Church, Father Francis Thompson. That relic is now stored at St James's and publicly displayed on St Andrew's Day.

Many people today seem surprised to learn that in 1969 Pope Paul VI gave Scotland a third

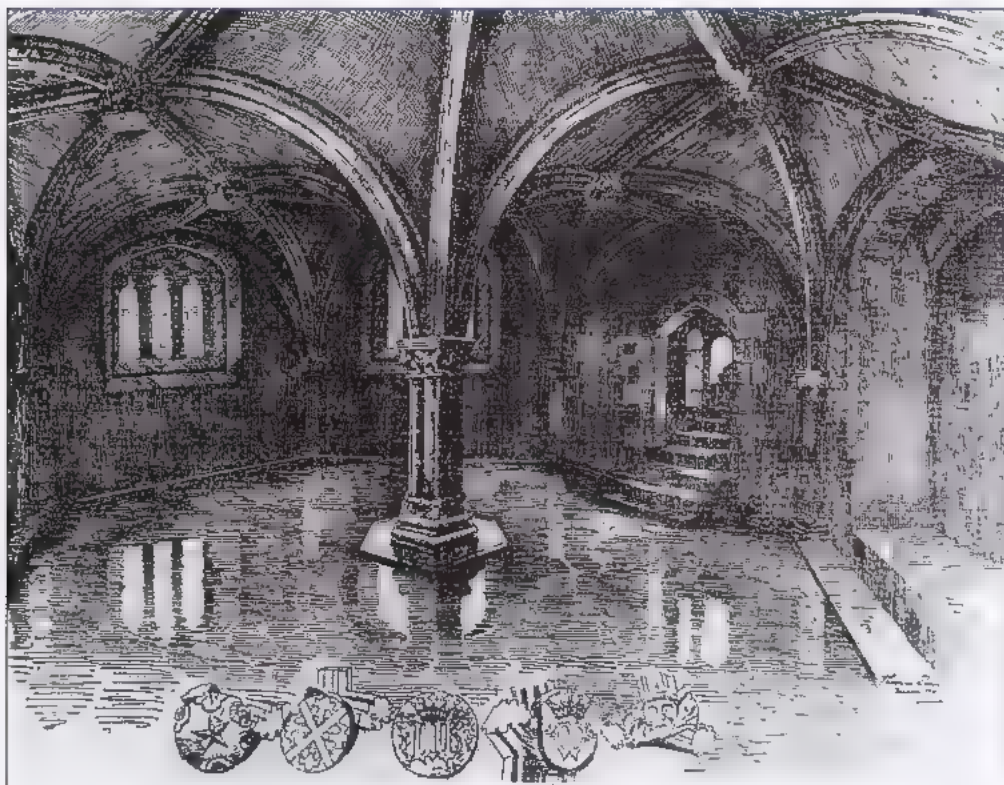
relic — with the words "Peter greets his brother Andrew". It was brought from St Peter's in Rome to St Mary's Cathedral by Cardinal Gordon Gray. This event, along with the elevation of Gordon Gray to Cardinal, helped greatly in raising Scotland's international profile.

The importance of Scotland's connection to St Andrew, and the sense of nationhood it embodies, was publicised on the world stage when Pope John Paul II prayed before the relics at St Mary's during his visit to Scotland in 1982.

The relics of St Andrew symbolise one of the most important relationships in the birth of the Scottish nation — the bond between saint and people.

The cult of St Andrew, more than any other, gave the differing peoples who made up Scotland a millennium ago a shared sense of religious identity. That shared identity, along with the kingdom created by Constantine II, formed the nation we are today.

For most of the last millennium, the Archdiocese of St Andrews and Edinburgh has kept a firm grip on the ancient roots of Scottish Christianity by guarding over this national treasure.



■ The lower part of the chapel in Restalrig, Edinburgh, where Saint Triduana's relics were enshrined.

A virgin's blind devotion

Hidden among the housing estates of Restalrig in Edinburgh is one of the most remarkable sites associated with the legend of St Andrew. It hosts a small reliquary chapel, the interior of which is shown above – believed to be the burial place of Triduana – one of the virgins who accompanied St Rule to Scotland with the Andean relics.

It's said that, while in Angus, she responded to the unwelcome advances of a Pictish chieftain by plucking out her eyes and sending them to him on thorns.

An extraordinary cult grew up around Triduana, dedicated to the healing of eye complaints. These healings took place at holy wells and springs, providing good examples of the Christian adoption of pagan devotion to water spirits. The cult spread as far as Papa Westray on Orkney where prayers to

Triduana effectively rehabilitated a native Iron Age water-sprite goddess's cult.

The relics of St Triduana were enshrined in Restalrig by James III in 1486. They were placed in a newly constructed two-storey hexagonal chapel, described by Pope Innocent VIII as 'a sumptuous new work'.

The upper part of the chapel has gone, but visitors can appreciate why its construction was said to rival any of the other reliquary chapels in Medieval Christendom.

As with as with Triduana's Chapel, the historic importance of Scotlandwell in Fife goes largely unrecognised. As its name suggests, it was the most important healing well in Scotland.

Robert the Bruce went there seeking a cure for his leprosy, and before him, many pilgrims sought healing there on their way to St Andrews.

Established by the 11th century as a hospital with an ancient famous healing well, Scotlandwell was on the long established pilgrimage route referred to in a charter of King MacBeth as 'the public causeway which leads to Inverkeithing', just to the north of North Queensferry.

The importance of Scotlandwell stood undiminished for at least three centuries. The hospital came under the direct control of the Bishop of St Andrews in the 12th century, and was dedicated to St Thomas Beckett after his death in 1172.

By the early 13th century the hospital had been given a bridge over the River Leven, and it was made part of a house of Trinitarians where pilgrims were accommodated and the sick cared for.



TIMELINE

750 AD

St Andrew's relics are brought to Scotland from the saint's burial-place in Greece.

761 AD

King Unust, founder of the shrine to St Andrew, dies, and may have been entombed in the stone sarcophagus discovered at the site.

800 AD

Early pilgrims are by now visiting reliquary churches across the promontory around St Andrews.

1070-1093

Queen Margaret endows the free crossing of the Forth west of Edinburgh, making it easier for pilgrims from the south to visit St Andrews.

1160

Work starts on laying the foundations of the great cathedral at St Andrews. The main phase of construction took more than 150 years.

1328

Robert the Bruce goes to Scotlandwell, on the pilgrims' trail to St Andrews, reportedly seeking a cure for his leprosy.

1409-1500

St Andrews is transformed into a total pilgrimage experience. The once-in-a-lifetime visitors are given certificates as proof of their piety.

1559

The Cathedral is sacked by a Protestant army of the Lords of Congregation, and the relics are lost.

1879

After a three-century absence, the Roman Catholic Church brings a new relic of St Andrew to Scotland.

1969

Cardinal Gray brings a third relic from Rome.

Next TIMELINE in Part 2



Clouds of forest are



Today's landscape of bare mountains and sitka plantations is man-made. The hills once were alive with native trees

The scale of Scotland's great Medieval forest is hinted at by the Victorian writer J.E. Harting in his *British Extinct Animals* "We can scarcely over estimate the wildness that everywhere prevailed," he wrote

"In the south, a vast forest filled the intervening space between Chillingham and Hamilton, a distance as the crow flies of about 80 miles, including within it Ettrick and numerous other forests, and further north the great Caledonian wood known even at Rome, covered the greater part of both the Lowlands and the Highlands, its recesses affording shelter to bears, wolves, wild boars and wild white cattle"

In Medieval times people travelled inland fearfully. The forests were nature's place, the habitat of the forces of darkness, treacherous to the superstitious. Harting achieved a knee knocking portrait of a wolf infested wilderness

"The time of James V... a great part of Ross, Inverness, almost the whole of Cromarty, and large tracts of Perth and Argyleshire, were covered with forests of pine, birch and oak, the remains of which

continued to our time in Braemar, Invercauld, Rothiemurchus, Arisaig, the banks of Loch Ness Glen Strathfarrar, and Glen Garrie

"And it is known that the braes of Monay, Nairn and Glen Urcha, the moors of Rannach, and the hills of Ardgour, were covered in the same manner. All these clouds of forests were in times past frequented by Wolves

"All the country from the Lochie to Loch Erch was covered by a continuous pine forest, the eastern tracts upon the Blackwater and the wilderness stretching towards Rannach were so dense and infested by the rabid droves, that they were almost impassable"

Never mind that hysterical Victorian assessment of the wolf population as rabid droves, but understand their presence made a menace out of the forest. Bear in mind, too, that some of those 'clouds of forests' crept to the very edges of the biggest towns and cities, including Edinburgh

David I was riding in Drumsheugh Forest bare, a canonball's flight from the Castle when he came off second best in an encounter with a stag

In the beginning, plants with air-borne spores

■ Now there are only echoes of the old grandeur.



a' wede awae

such as lichens and moss would have been the first Scottish plant colonisers. The first woody plants were probably willows and birches with their hardy, easily-dispersed seeds. Alder and aspen would have colonised river and loch banks.

From this early start, as the last snows of the Ice Age melted, the Great Caledonian Forest that once covered large tracts of Scotland developed.

It was nature's spectacular canvas, a dark smothering weave, as feared as it was handsome, of pine, birch, juniper, oak, hazel, willow, alder, ash, rowan, beech, aspen, holly and much else.

The last thousand years have been an era of continuous decline for the native forest. Settlement required some forest clearance and the introduction of feudal elements from Europe began to change the pattern of land use forever.

The growth of agriculture and the creation of burghs took unprecedented toll on the forest. In the 16th century a campaign against the wolf accounted for barely credible devastation.

New roads into the Highlands were inevitable after Culloden, and later great tracts of forest were felled to make charcoal for iron smelting. Railways traversed the land, more trees were needed, and much of Rothiemurchus was levelled in the 1860s for railway sleepers.

The Highland Clearances introduced sheep and deer which stopped natural regeneration. The timber demands of wars are further reason why

Scotland is almost bankrupt of native trees. Today's Scotland of bare mountains, browsed to the bone Border hills and fake forests of sitka spruce is a landscape lie. But you can still get a sense of that ancient woody regime in Rothiemurchus, Abernethy, Glen Affric and the Black Wood of Rannoch, or in the oak woods of Loch Lomondside and Ardnamurchan.

At Craig Fiaclach on the edge of Rothiemurchus, you can see something like the original treeline. There, the Scots pines clamber up the face of a corrie headwall, until, at 2,200 feet, they flatten under the wind thrashing down from the Cairngorms plateau. A pine tree 4 ft high, 4 ft wide, and 200 years old is a thing to marvel over.

Rothiemurchus means the Broad Plain of the Firs, and from the Gleann Einich track looking towards the Lairig Ghru, you can see why.

In its dark green depths are aged trunks which signposted the flight of Jacobites from Culloden, which knew the howl of wolves and reach back to the last Ice Age in only 30 generations.

One indicator of the nature of the task of restoring Scotland's forests is the Woodland's Trust's planned rehabilitation of Glen Finglas in the Trossachs. To reinstate something like the natural order to this small glen will take 3 million trees. Yet 3 million adds up to only a small cloud of trees.

The greater task is to plant whole skylines.

Remnants survive in the city

The great forest that surrounded ancient Edinburgh was called Drumsheugh and was a hunting ground of kings. It should not, however, be imagined as an impenetrable woodland jungle of tangled branches and tree trunks.

Drumsheugh would have had open spaces and meadows through which huntsmen on horses could chase deer or wild boar. The forest was most likely dominated by oak, birch, Scots pine, wild cherry, alder and elm.

The last remnants of the old hunting ground of Drumsheugh forest are still to be found by the Water of Leith in Edinburgh, near the Royal Botanic Garden.

The descendants of the Drumsheugh elms face extinction, as do the whole of Scotland's elm population. In spite of a rigorous policy of destroying trees infected by the ravaging Dutch elm disease, it remains a losing battle.

On either side of the little railway bridge in Edinburgh's West Princes Street Gardens, two small areas have been set aside to show the main tree species existing in those ancient times. On the west side are examples of the trees of Drumsheugh Forest and, on the east, the Caledonian pine that once flourished in the North East of Scotland.



Part of the old Drumsheugh Forest hunting ground can be seen by the Water of Leith.

Bored prisoners leave their mark

After centuries of violence, the Castle settles down to a life as one of the world's greatest tourist attractions

In 1571, Sir William Kirkcaldy of Grange, the Governor of the Castle and a Protestant, was defiantly holding the fortress for the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots in what became known as the Lang Siege. It continued for two years until Elizabeth despatched six batteries that reduced the east side of the fortifications, including David's Tower, to rubble within 10 days.

Kirkcaldy agreed to surrender after securing a safe passage for himself and his men. As soon as he stepped outside the gate, he was seized and dragged down to the Mercat Cross where he was swiftly hung, drawn and quartered. His head was then dangled over the Castle's parapet.

The damage from the Lang Siege was severe. The new Protestant regime quickly set about rebuilding the Castle, strengthening its defences with the formidable Half-Moon Battery – on top of the ruins of David's Tower – and the new Forewall which joined up with the new gate tower later to be known as Portcullis Gate.

It was a structure in which no attacker wanted to be caught. If the battering rams that were used to break through the walls didn't get an answer, the fast-closing spiked gates behind portcullises could be sent to certain death as suddenh dropped them on to the 8ft-deep ditches in the ditch below.

Under the rule of James VI relations with England improved in a period of relative peace. And when it became clear that Queen Elizabeth would have no children and no direct heirs – it fell to the Scottish king, as a descendant of Elizabeth's grandfather, to succeed to the English throne.

The Scots now found reasons to be anxious. James and his son Charles I tended to ignore Scotland, but a Covenanter army led by Alexander Leslie caught Charles's attention by seizing the Castle in 1638. Charles negotiated with the dissenters but reneged on the agreement.



French, American, Dutch, Irish, Spanish and German prisoners were held in the dank, dark Vaults beneath the Great Hall, and some left their mark. Insets show Lord North, the British Prime Minister, dangling from a gibbet with the date 1780, and a ship flying the American flag from its stern.

and Leslie once more took the Castle in 1640 after a lengthy siege – forcing the long to renegotiate

The Civil War which broke out between Charles and the Parliamentarians in 1642 divided the Scots. The Marquis of Montrose struck for the king but the Covenanters formed an alliance with Cromwell at a meeting in Edinburgh – possibly at the Castle

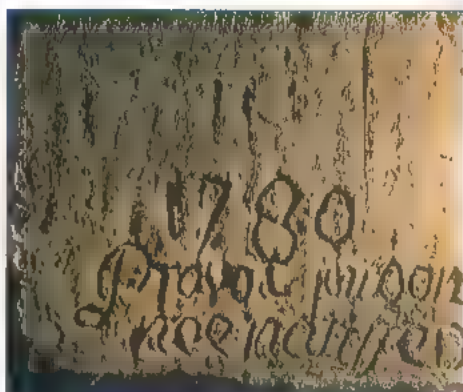
But this accord collapsed when Charles was executed in 1649. The Scots felt that, while the monarch's head might be full of fanciful ideas about the divine right of kings, it deserved to stay on his shoulders. When they proclaimed his son king Cromwell marched north, defeated Leslie rather luckily at Dunbar and took the Castle after a three-month siege

After a disastrous defeat at Worcester in 1651, Scotland was forcibly made part of the Commonwealth. Cromwell then set about repairing the Castle's sorely-battered defences, turning the Great Hall into a barracks to house Scotland's principle garrison. His Protectorship saw the formation of Scotland's first standing army. It adopted the scarlet tunics of Cromwell's New Model Army and the first of the dreaded Redcoats were quartered in the Castle in the 1650s.

After the Restoration in 1660 the Castle's defences continued to be strengthened. When William of Orange and his 15,000 men came ashore in England in 1688, James VII fled the country. James had some support in Scotland but the Duke of Gordon held the Castle for the king but surrendered after a two-month siege which resulted in extensive damage to the Half-Moon Battery in particular. Yet again the Castle's defences had to be reconstructed.

The Act of Union in 1707 was to witness a curious act of vandalism. Scotland's Honours were seen as redundant and the Crown, Sceptre and Sword were placed in a chest which was then put in a Castle vault, and the door blocked with masonry.

In 1708, a French invasion fleet, carrying 6,000 troops and meant to restore the Stuarts, sailed into the Firth of Forth. It was intercepted and turned back, but it revived frightening memories of the Auld Alliance, and once more the Castle's defences were beefed up with the completion of



■ This carved stonework in the Vaults, with the date 1780, indicates the work of a prisoner from the War of American Independence.

Drury's Battery and the Butts Battery in 1713. The Jacobite risings in 1715 and 1745 once again revived uncomfortable feelings of split loyalties among the Scots. The '15 dragged on for a year but the Jacobites never reached Edinburgh, even though the Duke of Argyll, the Government's man in Scotland, feared he had lost control of the country. The '45 was a much more successful affair.

When the Young Pretender – Prince Charles Edward Stewart – marched into Edinburgh he threw a token picket round the Castle. The governor then fired off a round to remind the good citizens that, while Charlie was their darling, they really should behave themselves.

It was the last shot fired in anger from the battlements and the only Jacobites to see the insides of the Castle were the sorry remnants of Charlie's Highland army, dragged back in chains from Culloden Moor to hear the sentences of death or deportation read out in a language that some of them could neither speak or understand. From then on the Castle acted very much as a garrison – the New Barracks were completed in 1799 – and a military jail holding prisoners from Britain's Continental wars, plus a few from the American War of Independence.

Boredom was now the enemy, and in 1830, when Edinburgh was hit by a wave of counterfeit Bank of Scotland notes, it was discovered that some enterprising PoWs had fashioned printing blocks from carved bones and were passing the forgeries on to visitors. Interest in the Castle's

glorious past was revived by Sir Walter Scott, the great romantic, who in 1818 was granted the privilege of personally recovering Scotland's honours from behind the rubble. They are now on display in the Castle alongside the Stone of Destiny.

Queen Margaret's Chapel – so long lost – was rediscovered, recognised for what it was, then restored, as were other historic treasures like the Great Hall and the royal apartments including the room where James VI was born.

Much of the work was paid for by the Edinburgh publisher William Nelson who chose an architect with the Pythonesque name Hippolyte Blanc – to carry out further restorations. Blanc's efforts included a new entrance gateway and the upper works on the original 16th-century Portcullis Gate. The architect intended his creations to mirror the style of David II's time but the consensus is that Hippolyte's remit and budget exceeded his inspiration and ability.

During the First World War the Castle's function as a state prison was revived, and in 1916 it held John Maclean, the Red Clydesider and conscientious objector, who was charged for making speeches that contravened the Defence of the Realm Act.

The prison was closed down in 1923, by which time the Edinburgh garrison had been moved to Redford Barracks. Today the military presence consists of around 40 soldiers drawn in regimental rotation to carry out ceremonial duties.

The Castle also houses the Scottish National War Museum and serves as the HQ of the commander in chief of Scottish Command who sometimes entertains guests at the splendid Governor's House erected in 1742.

As a fortification, Edinburgh Castle has none of the grandeur of the castles the Normans built in Wales or the awesomeness of the strongholds the Crusaders built in the Holy Land. It is a bit of a sprawl, dictated by the contours of the rock and the constantly moving tides of history.

But it has a bustling pugnacity that somehow matches the Scottish character, and it is fitting that the main gate sports the Lion Rampant with Scotland's motto, *Nemo me impune lacessit*. It means, *Who daur meddle wi' me?* ●

Bang on one o'clock

The tourists ask some silly things, and the guides at Edinburgh Castle never tire of just about the most common question: "What time does the One O'Clock gun go off?" Since June 7, 1861 it has been fired every day at exactly that time barring the odd misfire and enforced wartime stoppage.

The ceremony began life as a

time signal for ships in the Firth of Forth, and the gun has long since established itself as one of Edinburgh's most enduring traditions.

Locals take the daily bang in their stride as tourists come close to having a heart attack.

The One O'Clock Gun has seen active service. During the First World War it saved Edinburgh

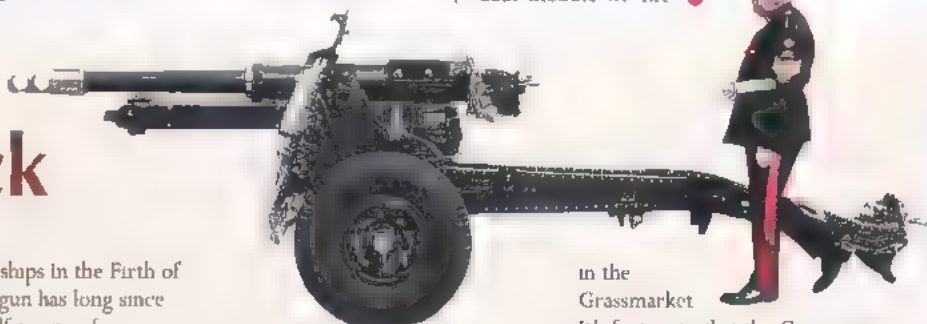
Castle from considerable damage when a German Zeppelin buzzed the capital on a bombing raid.

Soldiers manned the gun, and its loud booms managed to scare the airship off round the back of the Castle where it dropped its bombs, killing a number of people

in the Grassmarket.

It's fortunate that the German pilot was oblivious to the fact that the gun only fired blanks, as it always has done and still does today.

For the last 21 years Sergeant Tom MacKay MBE has been in charge of the daily bang, earning himself the title *Tam The Gun*.



Fiddler Niel changed a toff's tune

Despite his humble birth, Niel Gow felt no need to bow to the appreciation of his admirers, who included poets, painters and the nobility. Indeed, the best violinist in the land was free to speak his mind. And he often did

Niel Gow, Scotland's greatest fiddler, was described by Robert Burns as an honest, Highland figure whose features displayed "kind open-heartedness mixed with an unmistrusting simplicity"

The painter Sir Henry Raeburn also must have found Gow's face interesting, because he painted his portrait no fewer than four times, each time posing the man in his tartan breeches and hose, holding his fiddle.

Because of his supreme musicianship, Gow was cherished by the Scots nobility: when they danced to a Strathspey or reel, they wanted the best. So despite his humble origins, Gow moved easily among the upper classes and could never be accused of sycophantic forelock tugging.

In fact, he tended to speak his mind. It's told that when he heard a daughter of the Duke of Perth playing the piano in Dunkeld House, he turned to the Duchess and remarked: "That lassie o' yours, me leddie, has a guid ear."

A toff standing nearby rebuked him for calling such a high-born young woman a lassie, but Gow wasn't going to take that from anybody. "Whit wud I ca' her?" he demanded. "I never heard she wis a laddie." Collapse of toff, and polite amusement from noble parties who were familiar with Gow's outspokenness.

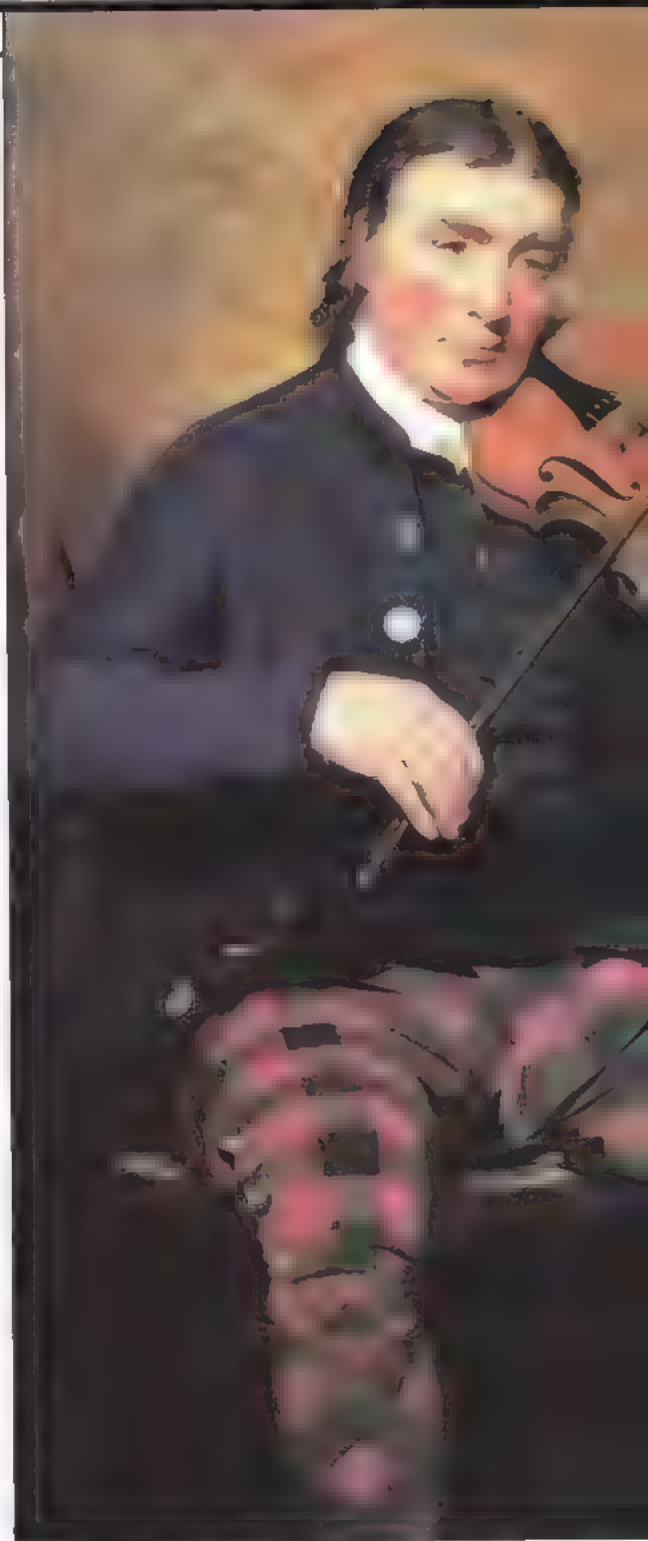
He was born in 1727 not far from Dunblane House, in the tiny hamlet of Inver, on Tayside, and his Christian name was actually misspelled on his birth certificate. His father wanted him to follow his own trade of handloom weaver, but Niel's early musical talent would not be denied.

He began to practise the violin at the age of nine and was self-taught until he was 13, when he began to take lessons from a near neighbour working on the estate of Grandtully.

He gave his first public performance in 1745 when he won a music competition, and this brought him to the attention of an entire network of fashionable clients who wanted him to play at their soirees and dances.

Sometimes this involved journeys to London, and in Edinburgh he was often seen strolling arm-in-arm with the Duke of Atholl.

Robert Burns was among many people who called



■ One of the four portraits of Gow by Sir Henry Raeburn.

to see him at Inver, and because Burns had also learned the fiddle to help his setting of traditional songs, the two spent "many a pleasant hour fashioning and fiddling together".

Gow had no equal in performing the ancient Scots melodies and his technique was noted for the strong upward strokes of his bow. He also composed many well-known tunes and one, Loch Errochside, was given lyrics by Burns:

Oh stay, sweet warbling woodcock stay

Of Gow's eight children, four sons were also accomplished fiddlers, the most notable being Nathaniel. A composer and publisher as well as a performer, he became leader of the dance orchestra playing in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh, and performed for George IV during the monarch's Scottish visit in 1822.

The cave-dwellers with a taste for human flesh

Sawney Bean

A young man rode on horseback, his wife seated behind him, by the Ayrshire coast after a day at the local fair. Without warning, a gang of savage looking people sprang from cover and attacked them. The man resisted bravely, drawing his sword to fight them off, and tried to ride them down with his horse. But in the melee his wife fell to the ground where some of the assailants immediately cut her throat and began to drink her blood.

The horrified husband knew his only hope was to stay on his mount, but he was in danger of being overcome when more home-bound travellers appeared and the killers ran off.

This was mugging, 15th-century style, and it was not uncommon along that part of the coast. For more than 20 years, the whole area had been gripped by fear and suspicion as friends and neighbours had gone missing and were never seen again. Strangers to the district had been falsely accused of murder, and some hanged.

Innkeepers had been hanged when their lodgers were found to be among the missing. In fact, many innkeepers gave up the trade and found a safer way to earn their living.

This incident near the town of Ballantrae gave the local sheriff his first breakthrough. The young man was the first to escape such an attack alive, and those who came to his rescue were the first witnesses. The grisly fact was that these attackers didn't want simply to rob him, but to eat him.

They were the extended, incestuous family of a man called Alexander 'Sawney' Bean, and all 48 lived in a deep cave at Bennane Head which was blocked at high tide. Because of this, and the fact that no victim had previously survived, the murderous cannibals had escaped detection for two decades.

The only clues to the horror had been the human limbs occasionally washed up along that part of the coast.

Now, however, they were tracked down by troops with bloodhounds. In Sawney Bean's cave the appalled soldiers found human limbs hung up in rows to be dried and others laid



■ A satirical English view of Sawney. But did he really exist?

in pickle. They also discovered quantities of cash, other valuables and clothing taken from the tribe's victims. All 48 were taken to Edinburgh and executed without trial, the males having their limbs severed and being left to bleed to death while the females were burned in three large bonfires.

This is one of the grisliest stories from Scotland's past, but was it true? Many historians simply dismiss it for the fullest account didn't appear until the 19th century. It identified Sawney Bean, the evil tribe's patriarch, as the son of a hedger and ditcher from East Lothian who was too lazy to follow his father's trade. Adding exaggeration to unlikeliness, the report said the family had washed their hands in the blood of at least 1,000 men, women and children. A difficult tale to swallow

Dear departed who hadn't

Margaret Dickson

The deceased must have been in her coffin for a good four hours before the mourners pushed her cart through the cemetery gates. That was when they heard the muffled groans, wren, hett off the coffin lid, and found that the dear departed hadn't.

In the year 1742, Margaret Dickson, fishwife of Edinburgh, had come back from the dead and cheated the gallows.

It was Maggie's moment of redeeming light in a sombre existence. Hawking fish around the Old Town was a tough life and in desperation, she had set out for Newcastle in the hope of staying with relatives, stopping for the night at an inn in Kelso.

Making friends with the landlady, she arranged to stay on and work for her keep. But she made even closer friends with the landlady's son and fell



■ This hostelry is in the Grassmarket in Edinburgh's Old Town where Maggie hawked her fish.

pregnant. She kept working, trying to conceal her state, with the result that the baby was born prematurely and died. She laid its body beside the Tweed to be found by a fisherman and was soon identified as the mother.

Back to Edinburgh, she was found guilty under the Concealment of Pregnancy Act, 1690, and sentenced to death. Thousands gathered to see her swing. And swing she did, until cut down by the hangman and pronounced dead by the doctor.

Friends who brought a cart to take her coffin to Musselburgh stopped for a rather long pre-burial drink. After which Maggie 'woke up'.

The authorities solemnly debated the issue of 'Half hangit' Maggie. Officially she was dead, so couldn't be sentenced to rehang. So she began a new life, bore more children, and died of old age.

Showman who put a smile on the face of Glasgow



A E Pickard had millions in his grip and a real live leprechaun up his sleeve

He was one of the most colourful eccentrics Scotland has ever seen. But he was no fool. Behind the oddball image of A E Pickard lay a mind like a steel trap and an astonishing ability to please the public, while promoting himself at the same time.

Glasgow truly belonged to Albert Ernest Pickard. He became a millionaire by snapping up offices, shops, flats, houses and cinemas across the west of Scotland – and a household name thanks to his adventures as a fun loving entertainment mogul.

He bought and sold picture-houses more often than some people went to the pictures. He ran a music hall, opened a bizarre zoo and an even more bizarre freak-show.

He stood for Parliament and got 49 votes, which he thought was pretty respectable. He loved his golf at Whitecraigs, but gave it up at 65. Not to retire, but to give himself more time to make more money.

Glasgow loved him, and he wasn't even a Scot. To his dying day – and it was a long time coming – this Yorkshireman had a West Riding accent so thick that you could spread it on roast beef.

He was born in Bradford in 1874, starting work when he was ten and training as an engineer. But the thought of such a strait laced career didn't suit his colourful personality.

He decided that his future and his fortune lay in property, and moved to Glasgow because he saw opportunity in the city's crowded tenements and vibrant economy. He was right.

In next to no time, he bought the Gaiety Theatre in Clydebank. Followed, in 1906, by the Britannia Hall in Glasgow's Trongate. This hall with its

Italian facade had been designed by architects Thomas Gildard and H M McFarlane, and opened in 1859.

It was later known as Campbell's Music Saloon and Hubner's Animatograph. Moving pictures were shown there ten years before Pickard moved in.

But the Yorkshireman immediately gave the hall yet another new name, the Panopticon, and also got the premises next door, converting them into a museum and waxworks. Both featured the weird and wacky. And with typical mischief and talent for publicity, Pickard exploited his exhibits mercilessly.

One of his earliest successes was the Amazing Fasting Man who apparently went without food for so long that he broke the world record. He carried a silver-topped cane and lived in a glass case.

Every day, a doctor visited the fasting man, and posted a bulletin on his condition. The crowds loved it, and the doors were open all day and all night to accommodate them. But the man's survival secret was simple. His silver cane was hollow, and secretly packed with vitamin pills.

Pickard introduced other bizarre acts, including the fattest boy and girl in the world, giants and dwarfs, and bearded ladies.

Below the Panopticon, he set up a zoo which he fancifully called Noah's Ark. It didn't have two of everything, but it did have a porpoise and giant lobster.

Another Pickard ploy involved a leprechaun. First, there were reports from Ireland that a group of children in Mullingar had seen one of the little sprites in the flesh, if you please.

Next thing you knew, one had turned up in the Trongate, billed as the only



■ The splendour of the Panopticon shines through the peeling paint on its facade, and the dust-covered interior which has lain silent since it closed in 1938.

leprechaun ever captured alive. He sat in a cage amid Irish scenery, picking out the insides of clocks and making strange grunting noises.

When people mocked, Pickard dispatched a cheque for £1,000 to the Daily Record, saying he'd hand the money to charity if anyone could prove the leprechaun wasn't real. Needless to say, no one did, and Pickard kept his cash.

A. E. ran the Panopticon as his personal fiefdom. It had four shows a day, and he often sat on a ladder at the side of the stage. If the audience got too rowdy, he flung nails at them.

Best night of the week – or the worst, depending on your own role – was Friday, when the amateur shows took place. The hall was a lions' den on Fridays.

The audience took rotten fruit to fling at the performers, and the stage manager used a long pole with a hook on the end, to pull sub-standard acts off the stage.

Yet many acts from the Panopticon, or Pots and Pans as people called it, went on to flourish. The great musical comedy star, Jack Buchanan, was one. And a young Archie Leach is believed to have performed there before moving to Hollywood and changing his name to Cary Grant.

A. E. Pickard loved and lived theatre, yet noticeably disliked two of his era's most popular stars, Harry Lauder and Will Fyffe who, he claimed, represented Scots as buffoons. The Englishman, in fact, would sometimes wear a lurid

tartan suit just to mock them. Maybe the real reason for his dislike, however, was that they got even more publicity than he did.

The Panopticon had an unfortunate end, brought on by the Depression of the 1930s. But Pickard himself went from strength to strength in the property business. He bought so many buildings in Glasgow that the only organisation which could beat him in the ownership stakes was Glasgow Corporation.

But, for all his possessions, Pickard was a kind-hearted landlord. He expected rent on time, but is said never to have evicted a tenant. He made large donations to charity, but secretly, without the characteristic Pickard publicity.

Usually he loved to flash his wealth around. At times he drove a Rolls-Royce, at times a Cadillac with a bell on the top, which he claimed was from a church he was to redevelop. It wasn't, of course. A church bell would have been far too heavy, even for a Roller. Yet people believed the story and Pickard loved the joke.

Unashamedly, he billed himself the Maryhill Millionaire. He lived in a mansion in Great Western Road and had his gates painted just the right shade to be nicknamed the Golden Gates.

During the Second World War, he had a cone-shaped air-raid shelter built in his garden. But when the nightly sirens sounded, to warn of enemy planes approaching, the obligatory 'black-out' meant nothing to him. When it was an

offence to have a glimmer of brightness escaping through your living-room curtains, Pickard illuminated his shelter with dazzling neon lights!

His reply to the air-raid wardens who told him to switch off? The Nazis wouldn't dare bomb him.

After the war, when TV arrived, not just as a household commodity, but as a status symbol, Pickard installed a set in his Rolls-Royce and put a giant aerial on the roof. A man ahead of his time! He'd come a long way from his Bradford roots.

It was rumoured that the millionaire tycoon got his first break in business when he bought a penny-a-time weighing machine for a couple of pounds and found £30 in pennies inside.

Not true. So many coins would never have fitted into the machine, especially with 240 big heavy pennies to the pound in those days. But Albert Ernest Pickard never let the truth get in the way of a good, self-publicising story.

He was approaching 90 when he died. A little man, an Englishman, and a teetotaler at that. But a man Glaswegians loved, because they recognised him as one of their own.

As for the Panopticon, it has lain silent since 1938, with the paint peeling from its pale blue facade. It is the last surviving auditorium of its type in Scotland and one of the last in Britain.

The ghost of a stage remains beneath the high proscenium arch, and the benches which once supported the bottoms of many a raucous audience now bear the dust of the years.

Another fine mess that Stan got into



How's this for a claim to fame? It was A. E. Pickard who launched Stan Laurel, the thin and loveably-thick half of the double-act supreme.

At the time, Stan was still Stan Jellerson. And his father, as manager of

the Metropole Theatre in Stockwell Street, Glasgow, was friendly with Pickard.

So when Stan asked A. E. if he could have a spot at the Panopticon, there was no problem.

And Hardy's future partner went down well

– until the son saw the father in the audience.

Stan hadn't breathed a word about his debut, but Pickard had invited dad along, to see a 'great new comedy act'.

The trouble was, Stan had cut down father's best trousers to use on

stage. And the old man didn't see the joke.

For Stan, it was exit right – right back to work in the Met's box office. But not for long.

Hugely-amused, A. E. paid for new pants. And that was the price of launching Stan Laurel.



■ After the blood and thunder of their generally violent careers, many Scots kings ended up here at the old burial ground on Iona known as Relig Oran.

The warriors' resting place

**Biker
historian
David R
Ross**



**visits the
haven
where
battling
kings
found
peace**

For 200 years after the death of Kenneth MacAlpin in 858, kings came and kings went, most of them going in a very bloody and violent way indeed.

To take just three, Malcolm I met his end in combat, his successor was another battle statistic, and the next man in was king Dub or Dubh, the Gaelic for black, a name he lived up to – or died to – in a very strange way. But more anon of this terrible trio.

What's interesting today as we travel round Scotland, with one eye on scenery and one on our history, is how so many kingly casualties have left us the legacy of their life-and-death stories in tablets of stone.

In the village of Meikle, for instance, on the A94 between Perth and Forfar, there's as fine a collection of carved stones as a time-traveller might wish for. They've been gathered from various sites in the village and are now all kept under one roof, which protects both them and their visitors from the effects of wind and rain.

Meikle has another historic feature to set us thinking – the local legend that Guinevere, wife of King Arthur, is buried there. You might not see any hard evidence, but it's odd how many links Scotland has with the Arthurian legend.

On now to Iona, the most widely-known connection to the Scotland of a previous millennium. Let's take the ferry from Oban. Or from Fionnphort on Mull, over the mile or so of sea to the little holy isle which is famous for its abbey and for being the last resting

place of so many early Scots kings.

The old burial ground, known as the Relig Oran, is said to provide a final peace for no fewer than 48 of these royals. Also four kings of Ireland and eight from Norway. Iona is a scenic island in its own right. But add its reputation for bestowing tranquillity on the living as well as on the dead: add its starring role in our nation's history. And its lure is surely irresistible.

Before or after we go island-hopping, we can take a little time-out, on the shores of Loch Feochan, beside the A816 south of Oban. A mile or so short of Kilmiver, take a look at the natural rock pier by the shore.

In the mist of lost centuries, in the days before MacBrayne ruled the waves, this rock was where ships left for Iona with the bodies of our kings, *en route* to their final resting place. It is Creag na Marbh, the Rock of the Dead.

Now to a king who took a rather circuitous route to the holy isle, if indeed he got there at all. Constantine II is our man, the first of Kenneth MacAlpin's descendants to be buried somewhere other than Iona.

He was very much the exception to the rule during these violent times, surviving more than 40 years after being crowned, and finally bowing out with what the old chronicles call the straw death, meaning in bed rather than battle.

What improved his life expectancy, of course, was that Constantine abdicated and became a monk at St Andrews. The church where he served was probably

incorporated within the later cathedral, now itself a ruin. And no visitor to St Andrews should miss the cathedral: the remaining fragments still give us a wonderful glimpse of past glories.

This is the likely site of Constantine's originally burial, but legend tells us that monks from Iona later exhumed their brother's body and took him to the Relig Oran to rest alongside his ancestors.

Constantine II's successor – and this is where we began today's story – was Malcolm I, who was slain at Fetteresso, just inland from Stonehaven and Dunnottar castle. After Malcolm came Illulb, killed in battle where the Deskford Burn meets the sea at Cullen in Banffshire. Both were buried at Iona, as was the black-haired Dub or Dubh – eventually.

But what a strange story, repeated in every surviving early chronicle, springs from Dubh's death in battle at Forres. According to these reports, no sooner was Dubh buried by his killers, a little way north, under a bridge crossing the Kinloss Burn, than ... the sun failed to rise. From that moment on, old Sol would not appear and darkness covered Scotland. This darkness, say the chronicles, continued while Dubh's men searched for his body, and only when it had been found, and carried 180 miles to Iona did the light return.

One rational explanation is that there had been a volcanic eruption somewhere, and the ensuing ash cloud blocked out the sun. But who wants to be rational all the time?

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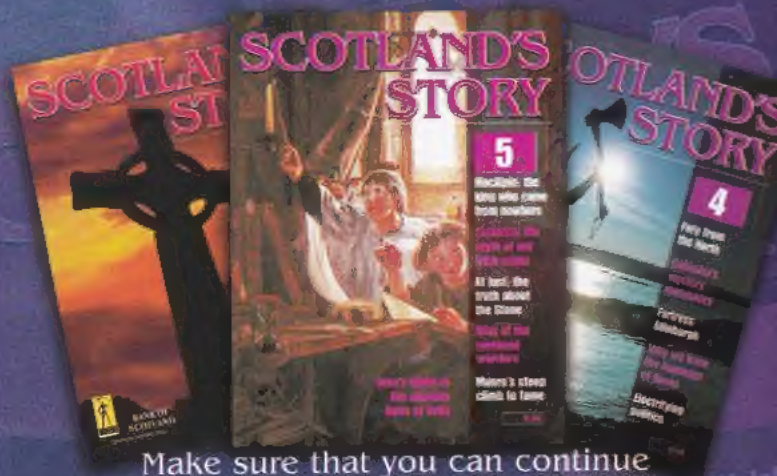
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